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Martial 11.99 and Martial 2.53

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When rising from your chair, I've often noticed,
 you're buggered, Lesbia, by your wretched dress.
You tug with your right and left hand till you free it,
 blubbering and moaning with distress.
It's held so by your ass's Clashing Rocks
 as it enters where your massive buttocks meet.
Would you correct this ugly fault? Here's how:
 neither stand up, I'd say, nor take a seat.

You want to be a free man? You're a liar,
 Maximus; you don't. But if you do,
here's how: if you can give up dining out,
 if Veii's grape subdues your thirst, if you
can laugh at wretched Cinna's gold-trimmed dishes
 and wear togas like mine contentedly,
if you use two-bit whores and can't stand straight
 while entering your home, you will be free.
If you've the strength of will to face such things,
 you'll live a freer man than Parthia's kings.